

# EL PASO HERALD

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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## Value Of Fruit Land

THERE is not the slightest doubt of the great increase there is going to be in land values in the El Paso and Mesilla valleys with the completion of the great Elephant Butte dam. If any proof is needed, it is only necessary to go to the regions where such works have been completed and try to buy some of the improved land. Orchard land in the Grand river valley of Colorado under irrigation is selling as high as \$1000 an acre and, even at that price, it is paying big returns on the investment.

One fruit farm in the Grand valley—a farm of but 50 acres—brought the owner \$30,000 this year. Is there any wonder that the land sells for \$1000 an acre? And it is not as good a country, so far as the seasons go, as the Rio Grande valley, for they have late frosts and have to snuggle the fruit for several weeks to prevent the cold killing it, while in the fall the killing frost comes much earlier than in this region. Apples are the principal product of that region, with alfalfa and other hardy plants also grown.

In the El Paso valley, grapes, pears and many fruits such as berries, to say nothing of profitable vegetables, can be grown that will not grow in the colder climate of Colorado. Prof. F. W. Malley, late entomologist of the state of Texas, a recent visitor to the El Paso valley, declared that he had never seen a region better adapted to pear growing. He failed to find any trace of pear blight, although pears have been grown in the valley for a century or more—something unheard of, he declares, in any other region—and he believes that the local valley will in the no distant future become the greatest pear producer in the world, especially of Bartlett's, the variety most susceptible to blight and the greatest in demand. Grapes such as have made California famous, will also grow here just as well as in California, experts have declared.

There is no reason why in a few years the railroads out of El Paso should not be lined with canneries and shipping sheds for the fruit that is going to make millions for the owners of valley land and put El Paso on the map as one of the greatest fruit centers in the world.

Have you given thanks?

Politics and third rails are just about equally dangerous—for some people.

Don't worry about what "the revolutionists" are going to do to Mexico; better worry about what will happen to "the revolutionists."

You can still gamble for a cigar in El Paso in almost any cigar store. Also, you can still play pool in a pool room that has direct connection with a saloon.

Darius Green didn't live to see it, but if his spirit is hovering about any of the aviation fields these days, he must be forced to get off the old bromide, "I told you so."

When a man proves big enough to be of service to the state or nation, some corporation generally comes along and hires him away. Vernon L. Sullivan, territorial engineer of New Mexico, has just been given twice the salary the territory paid him, to go with a railroad and look after its irrigation work. The answer is that the states and the nation must pay more to their good men.

Abe Martin says the Shakspeare club met and discussed hats. He might also have remarked that the Suffrage club met and discussed bonnets, the Music club met and discussed head dresses and the Art club met and discussed millinery creations and he would have hit it right each time.

## Building a City

EL PASO has taken a step in the right direction in the precautions thrown about building in the downtown streets, by compelling the contractors to erect covers over the sidewalks while they carry on their work, instead of fencing in the whole thing and making people take to the streets to get around.

In the cities of the northwest the contractors are not allowed to erect just any sort of an old makeshift about a new building, but in almost every city they are compelled to erect artistic enclosures such as will in a measure prove a beautification rather than an eyesore. In Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland and all the larger cities this is done and in some cases the contractors vie with each other in seeing who can erect the most artistic enclosure.

In every instance the enclosures are painted and in most cases the office of the contractor, instead of being a shack in the street, is built on top of these protective sheds or awnings, generally an artistic little square office with a neat finish and a flag on top. In many cases palms and potted plants are actually set along the top of the shed. It is surprising how artistic many of them look and persons can pass along the sidewalk almost without knowing that a new building is being erected so far as it causes inconvenience.

El Paso has a great deal to be thankful for.

Won't it be funny to see Champ Clark tell Joe Cannon he is out of order?

Winifred Black tells how to rebuke a stepmother. She may be able to tell how to do it, but it is a safe wager that she never tried her system.

"He who dances must pay the fiddler" might be paraphrased to "he who eats must pay the butcher."

Mr. Taft needn't necessarily lose much time over the preparation of any messages after the present one, for they doubtless will not rest very long out of the ash barrel when the new congress gets into power.

The Mexican trouble is making about as much noise as any little disturbance that has happened in a long time. It is getting front page position in the newspapers as regularly as Theo. Roosevelt did before he "retired."

The Denver Post has done some fine calculating on the fall that caused the death of aviator Johnstone. It says that theoretically calculated, according to the law of falling bodies, the speed with which Johnstone was falling the instant before he struck the earth was 528 feet per second, or one mile in ten seconds, or 360 miles per hour; this calculation being based upon the assumption that he fell from a height of 200 feet. The same calculation shows that a fall of 800 feet would require less than five and one-half seconds. The theoretical figures would be changed by resistance of the air, but there also must be considered, as offsetting the resistance to some extent, the weight of the falling object.

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I'm thankful on Thanksgiving day, I'm thankful all the time. To hunch your gratitude this way is something like a crime. I'm thankful when November brings white meat and pumpkin pie; but my old heart as gaily sings in April or July. Of course I'm glad of bumper crops, and barns and cribs that groan; I'm glad the little kids have tops, that Fido has a bone.

### THANKSGIVING

I'm thankful for substantial things, that make us rich and fat; I'm thankful when the hams and springs a new gown or a hat. I'm thankful that I have some hay to cheer my pony's lot; I'm thankful that my old hens lay real eggs that hit the spot. But more than all of this, my friends, though things like these are grand, I'm thankful that the heaven bends above so good a land. A land where people do their best because they like to strive; who do their work with pleasant zest, all glad that they're alive. I'm thankful that each day I meet fine people, clean and white, with kindly hearts and tempers sweet, ambitions to be right. I'm thankful that so many try, unmindful of life's cares, to shape their pathway for the sky, and earn a crown of stars.

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Done Mason

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox On The Power Of the Guarded Tongue

WHAT are you talking about in your homes? What is the burden of your conversation day after day, in the presence of your children and in association with your neighbors? Whatever the nature of your thought and your words it is helping to decide your future and the future of your children.

If you are talking gossip, and scandal, and criticizing all your associates, and suspecting your neighbors of wrong-doing, you are creating conditions of discord and trouble for yourself and your descendants.

Years to come you will be wondering why Fate should treat you so badly—why you and yours should always be in trouble of some kind—why people should turn against you and disparage you.

It will be hard for you to understand that you are reaping what you sowed—that the daily conversation and gossip at your table and fire-side furnished the seed for all this crop of tares and thistles.

A Child's Mind Is Wax.

Every thought and word is a magnet and attracts other thoughts like itself. We often wait years before feeling the result and by the time it comes we have forgotten the kind of thought we sent forth in the first place.

A child's mind is wax, and it is shaped by its associations.

If you talk about hatred and re-

venge of "getting even" and paying debts, if anger fills your thoughts, the child is going to cultivate those brain cells, and may some day figure as a criminal. Anger and revenge lead to the most awful of crimes—manslaughter. An uncontrolled temper and an uncontrolled tongue are dangerous to the peace of a community.

If you are inclined to ridicule and make fun of your neighbors, your children will follow in your footsteps and create enemies wherever they go.

### The Best Endowment.

On the contrary, if you look for the best quality in every one and speak of it, if you train yourself to rejoice at the good luck of others, and to be sorry for their misfortunes, you are creating friends for yourself and your descendants. You are setting in motion those most powerful vibrations of love which will bless you and aid you with whom you associate as you pass along life's highway.

You can give your children no greater endowment than to teach them to think, talk and act love for humanity. Not only are you influencing their lives for good but the lives of their future husbands, wives and children.

Therefore, be careful what you talk about, and what you think about, as you close your doors to the outer world and gather together in the family circle.

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## An Appeal To Chance

By Philip Beauvoir.

DAISY was beginning to feel exceedingly bored. It had been raining all the afternoon, and she had sat in the poky little room at Pidge street, Bloomsbury, trying to find amusement in watching to soaked people who hurried along the gloomy roads.

How monotonous life was! For her it meant simply a weary round at the office, a little food, a little drink, a little sleep, and an occasional visit to the gallery of a theater. Dozens of men would have been only too glad to make her acquaintance, but thus far Daisy had not come across any man in whom she was able to feel an interest.

She yawned again, and took up the evening paper, which she had bought on the previous day on her way home. Her eyes roved to that section of the advertisement columns which is headed "Personal." Daisy enjoyed reading "agony" messages.

The paper which she was now holding contained an unusually large number of "agony" announcements. One of them seemed to make an impression on her, for she read it several times.

"Will the young lady with dark eyes and fair hair, rather tall, wearing a white hat and blue dress, and who sat next to a tall gentleman in dark suit on Twopenny Tube between Oxford Circus and Holland Park last Thursday afternoon, communicate with A. J. at Park Mansions, W., and make an appointment."

She was about to pass on to the next advertisement when a sudden inspiration flashed into her mischievous little brain. She laughed and flushed until her heart began to beat more quickly than usual.

"It would be a splendid joke," she told herself, "quite glorious. It's ten to one the girl it's intended for will never see the advertisement; and if I meet a fellow who might easily mistake me for her. And if he didn't, I could easily apologize and let him think I really believed that it was meant for me."

For some little time, she hesitated; then she went to the sidewalk, fetched a pen, a blotting case and fountain pen, and sat down to write. After various attempts she evolved the following letter:

"To A. J.—The dark-eyed lady with fair hair has seen your advertisement in the 'Evening Messenger,' and will be happy to meet you at the British Museum Tube station on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. She will carry a copy of 'The White Magazine' in her right hand, and will wear a white rose in her hair. If this appointment is not suitable, kindly arrange for another through the 'agony' column of the 'Messenger.'"

The week passed terribly slowly. The hours dragged their tedious length along. Would Saturday never come? But it came at length, and found her half afraid. After she left the office, she adjusted the white rose on her coat, thrust the "White Magazine" under her arm and set out for the Tube station.

Daisy reached the station at five minutes to two. At one minute to three a well built man, with sunburnt face and fine gray eyes, stepped up briskly to the "Supper-supper" sign and disappeared into the entrance. He cast a swift look at the girl, and then raised his hat.

"I am A. J.," he said with a smile, "and I imagine that you are the lady who was kind enough to write to me." Daisy nodded and blushed.

"I was almost certain I should recognize you," he went on, "but not quite. You see, hats and dress make such a difference, don't they? Have you had any lunch yet?"

Daisy could hardly find words to reply. This youth was undoubtedly a most charming fellow. He couldn't tell you how delighted I am to see you again," he said. "You remember my starting at you—I'm afraid a little rudely, in the train?"

"Er—er—I'm not sure," she faltered.

"Forgive you!" he echoed. "Why, my dear Daisy, there are certain deceptions known as pious frauds. Perhaps yours is one of them. Anyhow, I'm away, and let me know the worst. He did not seem at all perturbed. Encouraged, however, by this fact, she took her courage in both hands and blurted out everything.

"I've been wicked—wicked and deceitful," she sobbed, when she had finished her story. "But, oh, darling, forgive me, forgive me."

A pause followed. "The he burst into a long laugh.

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## The Herald's Daily Short Story

By Philip Beauvoir.

It went against the grain to tell a deliberate falsehood, and yet she could not bring herself to reveal the truth. However, he did not seem to notice her confusion, and went on chatting gaily:

"I've been thinking about you ever since," he said, "and somehow I felt that I must meet you again. So I put that advertisement in the paper hoping you'd see it."

"You—you must think rather badly of me for coming," she said after a pause.

"Not a bit of it. I'm quite unconcerned about introductions and all that humbug, and don't trouble about introductions and all that humbug. But, of course, I shall tell you all about myself, so that you may know I'm not an utterly disreputable person."

It seemed that he was an engineer, and had a rather good position at some works in Westminster. His name was Arthur Jackson, he lived with his mother in a flat at Kensington, and before Daisy could quite realize the fact, she had accepted an invitation to tea there for the next day.

"Will the young lady, for a stroll in Kensington gardens, and had tea under the trees. Eight o'clock found them in the dress circle of the Lyric theater, where Daisy revealed in the acting of Mr. Lewis Waller, and was probably the happiest person in the audience. When the performance was ended, her companion drove her home in a tax, and made an appointment for the following day.

The visit to the flat proved a success. Mrs. Jackson was quite as charming as her son. She was a sweet-faced old lady, with silver hair and kind eyes. She did not ask any awkward questions, but made the girl feel at home at once.

There is no need to elaborate this little romance. The end can be foreseen, of course, so why waste the record? Enough to say that when three months had passed, Arthur Jackson asked Daisy to marry him, and she said "yes" on the instant. They were married at the parish church, very quietly, and went away to Polkstone for their fortnight's honeymoon.

Now Daisy ought to have been supremely happy, but she was not. Throughout the courtship period she had longed for the courage to tell Arthur the truth, to reveal to him the fact that she had replied to his advertisement half in joke, half in earnest, but all the time utterly ignorant of his identity. The deceit, trivial as it was, weighed her down, because she loved and worshipped him so.

But she had replied to his advertisement half in joke, half in earnest, but all the time utterly ignorant of his identity. The deceit, trivial as it was, weighed her down, because she loved and worshipped him so.

"Whatever is wrong, darling?" he asked her one evening, as they sat in a remote corner of the pier. "You don't seem yourself at all. Hope you don't regret being married?"

She took his hand and squeezed it. The gesture was very significant and spoke volumes.

"You old goose," she said softly. "I—I have never been so happy in my life as I am now for one thing."

"Well?"

"She was beginning to tremble a little. But resolution had come to her now—she was determined to tell him everything and risk the consequences. "Suppose—suppose I had deceived you?" she murmured softly.

He drew her closer to him as he replied:

"My dear Daisy, there are certain deceptions known as pious frauds. Perhaps yours is one of them. Anyhow, I'm away, and let me know the worst. He did not seem at all perturbed. Encouraged, however, by this fact, she took her courage in both hands and blurted out everything.

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## Power and Delicacy Combined Needed In Scientific Apparatus

Heat of Stars and Height of Waves Determined Accurately.

### Accuracy In Weighing.

ALL scientific progress is due to the ability of the inventor to produce apparatus of exquisite delicacy and refinement, and while Americans have largely been content with this in their past generations, they have been making up for it in the last few days. The late professor Langley wanted to learn something about the heat of the stars, so he devised the bolometer, that wonderful little instrument of such marvelous sensitiveness to heat. Others had perfected various kinds of heat-measuring instruments, but none of them was sensitive enough to tell professor Langley what he wanted to know. At another time he was trying to make the birds tell him their secret of flight; but there was no means of communication between them. So he fitted up a pair of "shotgun cameras," electrically connected together. He had two of his assistants watch a bird and at an agreed time point their cameras at the bird from different angles. When one of the operators got a good view, he pulled the trigger and both cameras snapped simultaneously. The result was a pair of pictures of the bird, secured at different angles at precisely the same moment.

When professor A. A. Michelson of Chicago, sought an extremely accurate measure of length, he found that the most delicate measuring instrument was not accurate enough to suit his purposes. So he determined to solve the problem of accurate linear measurement. He devised an instrument called the interferometer. When he had perfected it, he found he had produced a machine that would tell the length of anything, even down to the one five-millionth part of an inch. Professor Michelson found that light waves were exactly like the waves of water, and made when two stones are cast simultaneously into a small pond. If the two circles interfere, they quickly wear each other down; but if they coincide, the height of the little waves is increased.

### Three Indispensables.

Humanity's debt to delicate scientific instruments is well illustrated by three things used by the scientist—the microscope, the telescope, and the spectroscope, none of which was invented by an American, but all of which have been used by Americans to make some wonderful discovery in the realm of science. With the microscope man has been able to invade the regions of the infinitesimal; with the telescope he has carried him into the realms of the infinite. The marvels of modern surgery came from knowledge gained with the microscope, and the whole germ tribe was discovered by its use. For thousands of years men lived all unconscious that such things as germs existed. Then a doctor held a microscope to a drop of blood and a new world of living creatures was discovered. Numberless inventions and discoveries have been based on this instrument.

In the case of the telescope, our time, our modern methods of surveying and our mastery of the laws of gravity and motion are practical things which may be traced to it.

With the spectroscope the artisan is able to determine the properties of such mundane stuff as common sugar; while the astronomer is able to go trillions of miles into space and catch rays of light which tell him what kinds of matter are found in the star.

Power With Delicacy.

Science, however, does not require only delicate instruments. Some of the apparatus must be as powerful as the other instruments are delicate. For instance, the huge equatorial telescope must be operated by hydraulic methods, and must condense the light gathered by a 36 inch diameter lens into a pinhole. There must be measuring machines which will register a pressure of a million pounds on the one hand, or the effort required to crack

which he is studying. The old-fashioned prism, through which a ray of light looked like a rainbow, is the simplest form of the spectroscope. With this instrument, minerals have been found in the stars before they were discovered in the earth. In the arts, the spectroscope is used in the analysis of sugar; it is used to show the exact moment when iron is converted into steel when in the converter; and is great aid in the detection of adulterations in foods. It is in these fields that the Americans have made the best use of the spectroscope. It will also inform its owner whether the thousandth part of a grain of dried blood is of human or animal origin. When the chemist goes into court and swears positively that a certain red spot in the evidence is human blood, he predicates his oath upon his spectroscopic analysis.

The accuracy of weighing instruments is no less remarkable than those which measure length, heat or other qualities. Scales of such extreme sensitiveness have been devised in America that they will register a difference of one-hundredth of a milligram. We get an idea of what this means by the following illustration: If two weights of common shape, each weighing two pounds, were placed on one side of the scales, and two others exactly like them on the other side, there would be a perfect balance. But if on one side, one weight should be put on top of the other, the bare two inches of difference in the distance of that weight from the center of the earth, would cause scales to register the difference in weight. In other words, so refined are these balances that they will tell the difference in weight of a two-pound block of steel when moved two inches farther from, or nearer to, the center of the earth.

Even in the machine shop one comes across instruments of remarkable precision. There are many machines made in which the difference of a thousandth part of an inch would make the difference between success and failure. Therefore, micrometers of unusual delicacy are required. Some of these possess screws of forty turns to the inch, and there is a scale like that on a combination lock, which registers the twenty-fifth part of a turn. Thus the machinist, by the turning of a little screw, is able to tell to the one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch whether his work is accurate or not. The practicality of this knowledge is shown by the fact that the main difficulty Watt experienced in inventing the steam engine was in getting a cylinder and piston tight enough to hold steam, and yet permit the back and forth motion of the piston.

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like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve.

"Of course the matter wasn't p'dt quite that brutally, but that was exactly what the terms meant, and I accepted them with leaps of joy."

"What girl at 18, who has never had anything but a neat-silk dress, and imitation lace, wouldn't? Besides, it meant one less to clothe, one less to feed at home, and I knew I was lifting the family burden by just that much."

"Well, it's true, and let me tell you this—if the Fool Killer and the Carnegie Hero Medal ever meet, it will be because of the shabby girl who saved the people who hang on by their eyelashes to the positions in society to which they were born and who keep up appearances on nothing a year."

"I speak with authority, for I belonged to a family in which a son secured all of its bitter, pinching economies, and I offered up my youth, my dreams and my romance on its altar."

"As I said, I was the eldest of six girls in a family where every girl's face was her sole fortune. My mother was one of those adorable men who possess every virtue except the faculty of knowing how to get along in the world. He had been raised with plenty of money, and the only thing he knew was how to spend it—never how to make it."

"He worked so hard—poor Dad—but somehow it never amounted to anything. At the last his plans always went awry, his optimistic visions never materialized, but failure never soured his sweet spirit, or dampened his enthusiasm, or made him one bit less loving or lovable."

Mother Spirit.

"Heaven knows what would have become of us if it hadn't been for mother, but she was one of those little, thin, wiry, whooping women with a dauntless courage that nothing can crush."

How she worked! How she economized! How she twisted and turned and contrived so that when we girls went out we might present a creditable appearance! With what a grip she held on to her family tree, and impressed upon us that, no matter how poor we were, we must always hold up our heads, and remember that we could only go with the best!

There is nothing else so pitiful as that kind of poverty—the poverty that actually goes hungry for weeks to give a pink tea to overfed rich people; the poverty that shivers for lack of flannel to put on its shivering slippers; the poverty that makes life one continual lie and deceit.

"Well, that was the life that I had known ever since I could remember, and when I was 18, the thing that my mother had hoped, and prayed, and schemed for, came to pass."

Cousin Sarah, a rich, cold, hard old woman, who yet had some idea of family fealty and loyalty, came to our house one day and looked me over. She saw that I was very pretty, and, at the end of her inspection she made me this proposition:

Into the Market.

"She would take me, and for two years she would dress me up in the proper finery and exhibit me in the marriage market, and give me a chance to make a good match; but, if at the end of that time I had not made good, back home I went to my old poverty, this proposition."

"I have made him happy, for I have been so afraid that I wouldn't do my duty as a wife, because I was not inspired by any great love, and I have been so grateful to him for his kindness to me people that I have waited on his every whim as much as the most devoted wife could. As for myself—well, if I have missed the best thing in life, I have had the second best, which isn't such a bad average."

"And it wasn't as if I had really been in love with some one else. The slim young man, with the way with him, stood only as the symbol of the unattainable romance that was not for me, and so I married my banker, and we have lived together in peace and harmony that is the admiration of our friends."

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## Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin

Late Bud has lost his job at th' meat shop 'cause his thumb wuz too light. Th' married man that sets 'em up is spendin' his wife's wages.

a nut or break an eggshell on the other. There must be methods of producing cold of such intensity that hydrogen gas may be transformed into a liquid and then frozen into solid ice. Such a temperature extended over the earth's surface would transform its entire atmosphere into liquid air and then freeze it solid as a block of ice.

On the other hand, the scientist must make a heat so intense that steel balls like a kettle and pass off into gas like the steam from the kettle. Not content with that heat, he has forced the notch still higher—to 7000 degrees, which is twice as hot as is necessary to boil steel. Every known substance melts under such a heat. Iron would go like ice before a blowpipe; steel would melt like butter in a furnace; even nickel and platinum, most refractory of all metals, would behave like beeswax in a bake oven. One of those who has produced such heat is E. G. Atchison, of Niagara Falls. It melts his furnaces every time he fires them; but not until it has given him carbonium, the hardest known substance.

Value of One Effects Another.

The value of one piece of scientific apparatus often depends upon the use of another. The spectroscope renders its most remarkable service when used in connection with fine gratings for the analysis of rays of light. These gratings must have as many as 120,000 lines to the inch. Of course it is impossible for any human hand to draw that many perfect lines to the inch, and so it becomes necessary to have a machine to do such work. The Rowland dividing engine was one of the answers to this necessity, and its diamond point draws lines on hard steel at the rate